# FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

"For a world united in prayer"

*Volume XXVIII, Number 4, August 1977*

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Founded by Carl Allison Evans (1880 - 1956)

*OUR PURPOSE: To promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God regardless of race, creed or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of Fellowship among mankind.*

## CONTENTS

AUGUST 1977

1 *Editorial*
2 The President's Comments *by Reuben L. Musey*
3 A Prayer For Buddhist Belief *by Dennis Barry Carroll*
4 Memorial *by Eleanor Ebersole*
5 The Majestic Thistle *by Eleanor Ebersole*
Rise Up And Sing *by Emma S. McLaughlin*
6 The Second Virtue *by Catherine Cabeen Houck*
Silent Tests *by Cornelia Bagarotti*
7 The Irradiated Vase *by Francis Merchant*
8 Dark Greenness *by Georgiana Lieder Lahr*
Yes, I Must Pause *by Ella Castle Nedrow*
9 Change Yourself *by Mildred Long*
12 Meditation Based On Psalm 70 *by Samuel M. Silver*
Goldmine Within *by Florence B. Unangst*
13 Sense of Wonder *by Nixeon Civille Handy*
14 Snow *by C. Thurston Bowden*
18 Won't There Ever Be Peace? *by Liston Pope, Jr.*
19 Flying *by Elizabeth Twyeffort*
Down By The Pond-Side *by Inez Headen*
20 Thoughts From A Favorite Psalm *by Jean Moore Smith*
To A Would-Be Poet *by Leonard Opalov*
Great Spirit *by Jean Moore Smith*
21 The Unhappy People *by Lucille Patterson*
25 The Refreshment Of Morning *by Eva Zellmer*
26 Thoughts For Comfort And Strength *by Estelle D. Broadrick*
27 "My Blanket—My Buddy, My Friend" *by Joan Elliott Pickart*
29 And The Seasons! *by Ruth Bergendahl*
Tumbleweed Fear *by Zelma S. Dennis*
30 Guidance *by Cornelia Bagarotti*
32 A Young Man's Thanks *by Hettie McGee Barker*
33 Both *by Emily Sargent Councilman*
Parable Of The Little Blue Flower *by Velta Myrle Allen*
35 Notices & Comment

Back Cover: Look Inward, Darling *by Freda Karsin Routh*

Copyright 1977 by Fellowship in Prayer, Inc.

*EDITORIAL*

## THE END NOT OF UNIQUENESS BUT SEPARATENESS

MY PARENTS' GENERATION, those who are now the elderly, were fortified by a faith in the value of individualism which produced countless successes of almost countless kinds.

Those of us who were raised in this same faith by them grew up however with increasing doubts about its ability to go on producing that sort of success ad infinitum. What it did to my life and the lives of my most esteemed contempotaries was to put us in positions intolerably isolated and alone. For us the old-American idea of rugged individualism seemed to stand in the way of reality—came to seem an embarrassing urge which we could neither give up nor brave out with confidence.

Now the younger generation of adults—that of our sons and daughters, nieces and nephews—has opened up a solution which we ourselves perhaps once thought and even dreamed of but never could, thanks to our upbringings, put into effect. This has been to set aside the formerly grand and grandiose ideal in order to exist cooperatively in the mutual strength and comfort of a community—a return in modern terms to the settlements along the frontier.

To me personally it is an attractive solution. Although I am obliged to suppress the ingrained impulse to place myself apart and (if possible) above my peers, to erect so to speak my own pedestal, I find it a highly tenable and comfortable position to be in. . . . In return for the surrender of my ego and the terrifying seperateness that nowadays goes with it, I possess not enemies and rivals but friends, not constant anxiety and friction but warmth and good times, not desperation but sharing, not a desperate effort to maintain my idea of myself but a real life. By having taught myself to cooperate I find that instead of being alone I am involved. With such a feeling has come a sensation that is precious to me of belonging to God's creation.—P.G.

*There is that near you which will guide you. O wait for it, and be sure to keep to it. —Isaac Pennington*

*THE PRESIDENT'S COMMENTS by Reuben L . Musey*

## BUDDHISM — INSIGHTS AND REVELATIONS

THE HISTORY of Buddhism—a religion teaching that the suffering involved in existence can be overcome by righteous thought and conduct achieved through the detachment of mind and body—dates back to around 560 B.C. At that time the founder of this faith—Siddharta Gautama—was born in Kapilavastu, the capital of Nepal, in northern India.

History tells us Gautama, the son of a local prince of the warrior caste, spent his boyhood in a palace, surrounded by luxury, attended by servants. Before the age of twenty, he married a lovely princess. The union produced a son. In his twenties, he suddenly renounced everything—wealth, home, family—and became a Sadhu, or wandering monk.

For six years he searched for peace. He went first to the Brahmins to be instructed in spiritual knowledge and the way of salvation. He learned the yoga method of body and mind control, but it brought him no peace. He rigorously practiced mortification of the body. Enlightenment came after a deep trance, asleep under a banyan tree. Suddenly, as he awoke, the answer came. He had tried too hard. He must stop all desire, all striving, then there would be peace. It was as simple as that, and yet this enlightenment has become the core of a faith which today guides the lives of over three-hundred-and-fifty million. After this experience, Gautama became known as the Buddha — "the awakened or enlightened one." Even the tree where it happened became the holy Bodhi, or "enlightenment" tree.

The new-found four Truths became a way of life and religion for the Buddha's followers: there is no life without suffering, the cause of suffering is desire, the end of suffering is to be free from desire, the way to freedom from desire is the eight-fold path, namely, right knowledge, aspirations, speech, conduct, livelihood, effort, thinking, and concentration.

The symbol of the eight-fold path—a wheel with eight-spokes—became the sign of Buddhism.

A brotherhood of monks emerged, called the Sangha. Three items marked the outward appearance of the Buddhist monk: the yellow robe, the shaven head, and the wooden begging bowl for collecting daily food given as alms by kind people. A confession and ten commandments were binding for the monks.

From all this Buddha freed himself and his followers by a radical operation—by doing away with God and the soul. There are no gods to worry about, neither to reward nor to punish. Man himself "is his only refuge." Buddha told his followers this: that after death there is nothing left except the Karma—the force generated by the sum of a man's good and evil deeds, and the principle of retribution in successive rebirths. It is interesting to note that the doctrines of the Karma and of the transmigration of souls are the only ones Buddha took over unquestioned from Hinduism.

Buddhism spread gradually in India until the ruler King Asoka became a convert and saw its worldwide possibilities. Great changes took place within Buddhism. Temples were built... to house relics of the Buddha. These relics were worshipped, and so was the Buddha, with offerings, litanies, prayers, rosaries and prayer-wheels.

A type of expanded Buddhism is called the Mahavanna, or "Large vehicle," and is prevalent in Tibet, China, Japan, and Vietnam.

A stricter form—in which Buddha is still only a teacher instead of a god—has been preserved in Ceylon, Burma, Thailand, and Laos. This once was called Hinayana, or "small vehicle", a term of derision invented by the Mahayanists. This was officially changed in 1954 to Theravada, meaning "Wisdom of the teacher.

A PRAYER FOR BUDDHIST BELIEF *Dennis Barry Carroll*

DEAR GOD, we pause to reflect a religious teaching, adhering to righteous thoughts and conduct.

## MEMORIAL

*Eleanor Ebersole*

What sings best
the song you sang:

The wild field mustard,
trillium, shadowed forests,
dogwood, the creek?

The brown sparrow, the
willow's lair, tiny spring
rabbits, sheep?

The firs, May apple
blossoms, cold trout, a
bright dandelion,
winter wheat?

With all such
to sing your song,
I shall not weep.

## THE MAJESTIC THISTLE

*A Summer Story by Eleanor Ebersole*

THE GREAT PURPLE THISTLE stood by the side of the road enjoying the sun. What a marvelous world! The dangers of cold and frost had gone. Summer had come.

One by one the thistle's purple blossomheads flowered in the beauty of the clear day. Below in the ground its strong taproot extended deeper, a mighty balance of what was happening above.

The warm wind blew and fluffed its blooms. The thistle's sharp thorns bristled fine and green. It was the day: the perfect day of the thistle.

The thistle accepted its grandeur and honor with pride. It looked up. Its proud day had arrived.

All that day the thistle enjoyed its position and—not to be neglected—its responsibility. It must grow the perfect seed for other thistles to come.

Not until the second day did the thistle notice other thistles blossoming over in the field across the road. They, too, appeared to be growing taller and taller. They, too, must be setting their taproots stronger into the ageless soil.

The second day of the thistle was less glorious than the first. Each thought the thistle thought was less majestic than the last.

Across the road! Across the road! How could the thistle ever be sure now that it, the majestic thistle, was the most majestic thistle, called to provide seed for all the majestic thistles to come?

## RISE UP AND SING

*Emma S. McLaughlin*

Out of the darkness and the mold
little white blossoms rise,
numerous as the galaxies
wheeling across the skies —
and seeing them, the saddest heart
leaps with a glad surprise.

Shackles of winter's reigning might,
bitterly cold and strong,
break — and the earth is swirling light
and winging arcs of song.
Matins and Glorias arise,
sweet as the day is long.

Dance to the willow's greening harp;
winter can never keep
earth and its swelling tide of life
locked in eternal sleep.
Follow the lark in soaring joy —
who has the will to weep?

## THE SECOND VIRTUE

*Catherine Cabeen Houck*

THE DARKNESS had always been there. Hour after hour, day after day passed with no way of marking time. Then a strange thing happened, the wind blew a seed into the darkness. It fell in a corner on the dirt floor. Soon a shoot appeared, then a leaf. Leaf after leaf grew until it filled the corner. Then small white flowers opened, covering the leaves and bringing light and a wonderful fragrance.

An awakening of something began but no thoughts were formed for there were no memories. As day followed day, awareness became stronger, there had been a time of something different, faint memories returned. This seed also grew, day and night it became more beautiful, gave more light.

Some day the plant would be given a name. Some day the feeling would be called a virtue which would grow and grow reaching into eternity. Its name would be Hope.

## SILENT TESTS

*Cornelia Bagarotti*

STEEL is tempered by extreme heat, the human soul by life's testing. Surely it is easier to be honorable or generous if one has wealth. Surely it is easier to be polite or gentle if one is surrounded by considerate or loving people. Surely it is easier to be patient if one is not rushed or exhausted. Surely it is easier to be forgiving or to have faith in good and God if one is not bereaved or the victim of cruelty or injustice.

But does the soul grow strong and virtue triumph without the silent testing of life?

How can man really make a choice for good or God if he is not tried in the red hot fires of life like the steel until he too be-

come tempered through testing?

The little, humble waitress harried by the boss, shouted at by the impatient customers, ignored and abused, who remains polite, considerate, and thorough under the testing of such conditions is not only a real lady but a truly fine soul. She has passed the test.

## THE IRRADIATED VASE

*From 'Arcane Stories' by Francis Merchant*

A POTTER who made exquisite vases of various kinds returned to his shop at night with a friend. The moon was at the full, and its beams fell upon the potter's work with telling effect.

"How beautiful those vases are, shimmering in the moonlight," his friend observed.

The potter shook his head. "By themselves the vases provide but a form. It is the moonlight shining through the sides of the vessels that creates the striking effect. The form gains value from the light that illuminates it."

"Perhaps the Earth itself is a vase moving about the sun," the friend speculated.

"The Earth is a form," the potter agreed, "but the light that illuminates it is the source of its beauty and the promise of its destiny."

"May we not regard man himself as a vessel whose meaning is to be found in the lights—of devotion, reason, and love—that irradiate it?"

"There could be yet another interpretation," the potter added.

"And what is that?" asked his friend.

"Mayhap all religions are vases into which the moonbeams are graciously poured. . . . Many are the vases, but the light that shines through them all is the same."

## DARK GREENNESS

*Georgiana Lieder Lahr*

I am lost in the dark greenness
Of our mango tree
As I sit beneath it,
Quietly,
Very quietly,
And watch soft breeze
Caress its branches;

Lost in greenness,
Beautiful greenness
That embraces me,
Filling me with a peace
That this tree knows;
For it is "one" with the Universe,
"One" with all living things,
"One" with God —

And in the soft-pervading greenness
Of this lovely tree,
I, too, feel
AT "ONE"!

## YES, I MUST PAUSE

*Ella Castle Nedrow*

My pace in life must never be so fast
That I shall fail to pause and scan the green
Of vine and leaf; watch with regret the last
Of violets fade from the April scene:
I need to slow my steps and hear the lark,
Full-throated, sending forth a zesty note
Which finds the heart and lights a tiny spark
Within its corners...hidden and remote.
There must be time to watch a robin weave
Her nest; to marvel at the rampant nest
Of mayflowers; and with fervor to believe
That nothing can surpass the sudden flash
Of crimson tanagers. . . . O, I must see
The marvels of God's work surrounding me.

# CHANGE YOURSELF

*Mildred Long*

THE LAW OF SUCCESS in Greek thought was "Know thyself." This is important. But I would like to add: "Let yourself be conformed to God's pattern for you."

There is a prayer quite commonly quoted: "Lord, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change; the courage to change the things I can; and the wisdom to know the difference."

With these thoughts as background, let us talk about the possibility—and necessity—of changing ourselves.

Everything in God's creation has two sides. If there is upper, there is lower; if there is inside, there is also outside. Every coin has two faces. Every day has a beginning and an ending. If a thing looks evil, be sure it can be turned over and look good. Goodness also has its opposite.

Man is both human and divine. He has a nature controlled by sense and human desires, and a nature made to be controlled by God. He is both spirit and body. Spirit tells us one nature or the other is in control; not both at the same time.

Therefore we must conclude that the human part of man's nature can be changed so he can become righteous, loving, and obedient to God and spiritual things. This involves the transferring of power and the ruling authority from the human nature over to the Spirit and spiritual nature.

Man can be changed. Man must be changed. He can make a right-about face and follow the teaching and example of Jesus Christ and base his decisions on what the Scripture says. Then keep on climbing in the same direction. We call it conversion or new birth. Then all life will be different because we are directing our powers toward seeking the perfect good—harmony with God's will and way.

We need to pray the prayer of the Psalmist: "Search me, oh God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me; and lead me in the Way Everlast-

ing (139: 23, 24)."

Without a basic change in thoughts and motives other changes will have little meaning. Yet we must not neglect these remaining changes. Seldom is a man completely changed by one act of faith or healed by one step of faith. So often the process is gradual and progressive. Sins and bad habits are discarded one by one. So change becomes a daily discipline, personal and spiritual, silent, behind the scenes. The power to see myself and change myself comes through dedicated prayer. Few will know the habits of the devotional life or dream of the soul-battles alone with God. But if we grow spiritually, all will know it did not just happen.

It goes without saying that we cannot change ourselves without God's help. God knows this and has promised His aid in all our struggles. His Word contains instructions for all circumstances.

The repetition of helpful affirmation can effect great changes in our attitudes and emotions—

"I am a child of God, and I am learning to make peace with life."

"As a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

"Keep thy heart with all diligence for out of it are the issues of life."

Paul's instruction: "Whatsoever things are true, honest, pure, lovely, of good report, worthy of praise, think on these things" (Philippians 4:8).

The changing of our thinking from negative to positive is not something that happens overnight. It takes time, patience, persistence. Forward movement is aided by the habit of giving thanks for everything, as Paul tells us in I Thessalonains 5: 17, 18. A current writer has produced four books on the theme, "Praise God for Everything."

We need to watch our attitudes. Is there a disturbing element in our environment or a person who rubs us the wrong way? Then we must understand that if we change our attitude toward

the situation there must be a reflex response. It is a matter of of solving our own emotional problem first. Then the other condition will change. I have seen this happen many times in myself and others.

As we attain peace with life and establish ourselves in a deep trust in God's goodness, care, and provision, we move a way toward spiritual victory.

There is another necessity, especially if emotional problems have hampered successful living or contributed to illness. It is to cleanse and heal the inner heart where emotions are in control. This is difficult and usually painful, but it needs to be done.

Unburden the heart to God and probably to a wise friend or counsellor. Talk out the feelings of hurt or shame that linger regarding any past experience. Do not restrain weeping. That is cleansing and curative. See yourself as you really are and look upon that past experience from the standpoint of where you are now. That will rob it of most of the pain. Then determine to let go of the hurt, give the whole matter to God, and watch Him wrap it in His love, draw out all the hurt, and give you peace.

God cannot do this for us. We must take the initiative. God has given us power over our thinking and our emotions. It must be our choice whether or not we train ourselves to think according to His instructions.

I know from experience the necessity of unburdening the heart and the great release and healing that comes. So:

Make peace with life. Think positively. Let God heal all inner wounds. Trust in God's promises. Make mental pictures of your new way of thinking and responding to situations.

Look at God through His Word. In looking, the soul is healed, the emotions stabilized, the personality unified. Look at God until the heart wears the imprint of His face. Then you will be a transformed person. Any struggle is not too great to attain this goal.

*Prayer is a soothing ointment for whatever on earth ails you..*

## MEDITATION BASED ON PSALM 70

*Samuel M. Silver*

LET US TURN TO the Book of Psalms and study Psalm 70. The Book of Psalms has been described as a series of love-letters to God. Each one of the one hundred and fifty selections describes the feelings of a writer who is engaged in an internal adventure seeking to make something meaningful of his life. In Psalm 70 the writer cries out to God: "Hurry, Lord, and deliver me. Help me, O Almighty One." This is evidence of two conditions which characterize the sensitive person: first, he knows that he needs help, and, second, he feels there is a source of assistance. The writer refers to those who seek to do him harm. He prays their evil intentions will be thwarted. It would be well for us to take regular stock of our status in life: we, too, are often threatened, and we too can get help by calling on our inner reserves to do a little better, muster a bit more courage, disprove the bad reports that circulate about us, rectify the bad impressions we may have created. To accomplish this, we can take a leaf from the writer of Psalm 70, who eventually speaks about joy and the gladness that came to him from tuning in on the divine wave-length. Let us humbly acknowledge our shortcomings and then strive firmly and fervently to cope with them. Before we can help the world get better, we must better ourselves. Isn't that so?

## GOLDMINE WITHIN

*Florence B. Unangst*

ACCEPT THE FACT that our Creator made everything perfect. Then accept the fact that there are imperfections.

Is the one who needs glasses less perfect than the one who doesn't? Is a hearing-aid, an artificial limb or a pacemaker a deformity? Is anything that happens to mortal body a proof that the cosmic spark does not live within all?

If everyone had a goldmine in his back yard and some chose to dig and refine the ore, fashion the metal into jewelry, would it prove others did not have them?

We had better look to our own.

## SENSE OF WONDER

*Nixeon Civille Handy*

ANOTHER NAME for wonder is imagination, not always in good repute in religious circles. But much of truth is located through the workings of a pure imagination.

This wide-open eye that walks the meadow, the mountain, the seashore, not only sees but per-ceives (sees through) the surfaces that clothe the universe to the holy heart that beats, constantly creating, re-creating.

It is imagination that keeps us young. Like the ninety-year-old lady who started to learn Greek during breakfast because it was the only time she could fit it in, imagination keeps kicking doors open for more and more light!

Imagining can make dry bones, ocean charts, hieroglyphics, dust porcelains leap alive, each within its own century. Mystery lives with the imagination. This contemporary 'whodunit' does not mean the corpse, the clues, the rational deduction; no, far beyond that—it is the meaning of Who-Am-I?

Chapter by chapter we reveal who we are and who created us by delving into the wonder which surrounds and sustains us constantly. We live by wonder. Expect a miracle!

Things of the mind are learned by the mind, things of the spirit by the spirit. An attentive spirit using the realm of pure imagination embroidered a history of self God meant each being to own and to share.

With the development of imagination through attending spirit, everything we do, all that happens, takes on a new brightness and clearness. Joy rips through us—like lightning through clouded skies. This joy lives in the imagination. Take care.

# SNOW

*C. Thurston Bowden*

WITH GLOVED HAND he brushed the snow from the windshield and tested the flexibility of the stalled rubber blade wipers.

Back in the car he glanced at his watch, then kept his eyes on the road ahead. The view was limited to the arch-shaped portion of the glass which the sluggish wipers fought to keep clean. The radio didn't help; with thousands of records to choose from, the disc-jockey was playing 'their' song. To the accompaniment of the never-to-be-forgotten melody, her last words spoke from the back of his mind. He had pushed her there along with the lonely apartment.

"It's not that I don't love you," she had said, "but when you can take time from your precious job to know I exist, we can discuss it. Just a part of your time each day. Just part of you for me—for us. Until then, I am leaving!"

"Damn!" he said aloud as the other driver blasted an insult with his horn. "That was close." He carefully worked his way to the outside lane, then stopped.

No doubt the wipers were jammed. Already the snow was banking against their fixed position. He removed his topcoat from the back seat and snuggled into it. He looked at his watch. . . . First, she leaves, now the car fails me, and if I don't get a ride soon I could lose my job. . . .

The snow was constant, not flurries nor wind-driven gusts. It gave no appearance of falling downwards or of swirling. The world was there, but viewed through a kaleidoscope of white particles, indiscriminately touching inanimate and living things alike with gentleness.

Thumbing a ride seemed impossible. The countryside stretched in whiteness to a grove of trees, winter branches adorned in mink trim. Snowdrifts indicated what could be an unpaved road at the edge of the trees and promise of a house beyond.

. . . A telephone, he thought. At least he could call the of-

fice and make arrangements for transportation. The air was brisk to his face. Nature had provided a footpath among the trees. His shoes were wet, his hair and shoulders damp from the endless delicate flakes.

An old man was sitting on a stump: a plaid mackinaw and hunter's cap with earflaps and an old-model gun leaning against the knees of his corded trousers tucked into highlaced boots.

"Howdy, young feller, you out enjoying the snow, too?" His grizzled face seemed older than the brown and friendly eyes.

"No," he said, "I'm looking for a phone. My car stalled."

"Conway Place ahead about a mile." He stood and pointed. "Come on, walk with me. We'll be going the same way for a spell. I always walk in the snow. It's...well, kinda spiritual, pure. Makes a man glad he's alive. Ever think of snow that way?"

"Can't say I have," the other answered. "I live in the city—it's a bother there."

"Too bad!" the old man said, tucking the gun under his arm and swiping a hoary hand across his nose. "Too bad. It's free and mighty healthful. My Sarah—that be my wife of almost forty years—used to say the snow is God's bandage. The land be all barren, dry and unproductive, then God wraps it up in white to heal it. Me and Sarah would sit at the window and watch the snow in the moonlight for hours. I miss Sarah. She's gone—died almost eight years ago."

"I'm sorry," the young man replied.

"You got a wife?"

"Yes. . . but we don't live together."

"That's a shame," the old man said. "Man needs a woman to make life meaningful—a man alone can't feel God or nature or understand things like...like the snow. We used to bundle up and walk to the neighbors' in the middle of a snowstorm. Holding hands and tasting the snow on our tongues." The old man stopped and tapped a tree trunk with the toe of his boot.

A jackrabbit hopped to a sitting position a few yards opposite the tree. The young man touched the other's arm and pointed. Another rabbit had joined the first, nose twitching and big ears cocked attentively.

"Yah, I seen em! Cute, ain't they?"

"I thought you were hunting," the young man said in surprise.

"Oh, the gun! I just carry it so's people won't think I'm looney. Ain't had any shells for it for years." They walked on. The old man stopped to tap another tree, now using the useless gun. "Blood and snow don't mix," he said. "Snow's pure and kinda sacred—it ain't right it should be a part of killing."

The young man remembered a long-past winter when the blood plasma had frozen, and wounded and able alike fought the screaming devils who charged them across the snow. "You're right," he said.

"Ah, here's one!" the gun again tapping a tree trunk. From his mackinaw he took an unshelled pecan, placing it at the base of the tree. They stepped aside and watched from behind another tree. A furry head appeared above a lower branch, beady eyes scanning the ground below. Then, head first, the squirrel scurried down the tree. Picking up the nut, it sat on its hind legs and scolded the world in general, Placing the treasure in its jaws, it raced up the tree and back into the hole.

The old man laughed and put more nuts where the first had been placed. "It's curiosity that makes em do it. They probably have a winter supply of food stored in the tree. Well! I have got to turn off here. Old male I feed in a tree over yonder. Saucy ole rogue with a big bushy tail, couple more years he'll come and take the nuts out of my hand. Thanks for the company, young feller. Nice talking to you!" He turned and walked among the trees.

"Thank you!" the young man shouted to the retreating figure. "It was good talking to you!"

He could see the house now and the farm buildings behind it. All like a Christmas card-scene with the snow-covered roofs.

"Hey, mister! You a salesman?" He was a boy maybe eight or nine years old. His mittens didn't match. The stocking cap was as red as the underside of his nose. The sled was homemade and loaded with dead branches, a Boy Scout hatchet imbedded in the

top one. The dog was dog, too small for hound and too large for a terrier.

"No," the man said, "I am not a salesman. I want to use your phone. That your house over there?"

"Yes, that's my dad's house. Say mister, if you ain't no salesman, can I show you something?"

"Sure!" the man said, kneeling as the boy fingered his mittened hand into his jacket and held forth a square of glass. He pushed it upward at arm's length for several seconds, then thrust it to the man.

"Look at that," he said.

Several snow crystals were captured on the glass. Two had clung together, overlapping to form a hexagonal figure transversing the intricate miniature art of both. All were sculptured in compelling craft and design.

"Ain't no two ever alike," the boy said, taking the glass and wiping it on his sleeve. "Here, you do it." He offered the return of the glass.

The man held the glass skyward, then lowered it. Both heads leaned over it to study the new catch. Again similarity, but no two alike. Tiny precision and master craftsmanship.

"They're God's jewels, that's what Miss Ebb said. He makes them for everybody. You can have all you want and no two ever alike," the boy explained.

"Miss Ebb sounds like a smart lady," the man answered.

"Yes, she's our Sunday School teacher, But soon she's going to get married. I sure will miss her."

"Is she moving away?" the man asked.

"No, but when people get married they don't have time for other things."

"Let's hope Miss Ebb will," the man said, starting for the house. "And thanks for showing me."

"I'm sure glad you ain't no salesman. You tell my mom I said you were all right," the boy replied. The man waved as the sled moved on.

She met him at the door, middle-aged, friendly, her hands buried in the pockets of an old-fashioned full-length apron.

"Hello," she said. "I saw you talking to Robert. I keep an eye on him. That's why the red cap. Come in!"

"Good morning. Thank you. He is quite a boy. I would like to use your phone," the man said.

"Come in! While you phone, I will heat the coffee. I have some fresh-baked brownies."

He reached for the phone, then looked at the widnow. The snow was there, settling to place a bandage over the barren land. A few flakes clung to the outside glass, jewels no man could imitate or match.

"Listen," he spoke to the doorway of the kitchen, "if I pay you now in cash, may I make some long-distance calls?"

She came to the doorway. "Here's the coffee," she said, placing the tray next to him. "I'll get the brownies. Oh yes, that will be all right about the phone. They're probably worried about you where you work."

"Yes," he agreed, "but first I want to call my wife."

Touching his eyes before he dialed the phone, he told himself it was the snow melting from his eyebrows.

## WON'T THERE EVER BE PEACE?

*Liston Pope, Jr.*

Won't there ever be peace?
Rest from egotism, war,
From chasing, fleeing?

Has there ever been peace?
In the mind, vision unseeing
Wherein last things confute, conten d with first?

Devils, gods, our mythic thirst,
The relentless golden fleece:
To these what is peace? what is it for?

## FLYING

*Elizabeth Twyeffort*

Clouds cling to valiant flying birds
absorbing them in thickening mists
like gliding ships with reaching sails
obscured by changing wind-blown wisps.

At ease within a moving plane
I see their brilliance from within
through sunlit golden gauzy fleece--
a shimmering shroud, not thick, not thin.

No marks appear of solid things
by which to judge the distance passed.
Then skyscapes formed by cumuli
become the landfalls there amassed;

Furrowed fields and mounds of gray;
tideless seas where waves stand stiff
and rear up high near castled walls
beneath wild peaks, and drifting cliffs.

Slow moving form like turbaned head—
gargantuan man with comic face
elongates gradually to wings
on Pegasus who leaps through space.

With senses overwhelmed at last
by towering billows piled on high,
my ego has no place, but shrinks
as though I were a leaf blown by.

As we descend with slackening pace
from chartless sea, and beachless shore,
I know for me that time exists
in sky as land, no less, no more.

## DOWN BY THE POND-SIDE

*Inez Headen*

Down by the pond-side in the dewy mist
Where the water lilies were bat- and rain-kissed,

I played the ukelele and sang a lovely tone
Gazing upon the water, longing to be back home.

## THOUGHTS FROM A FAVORITE PSALM

*Jean Moore Smith*

My refuge is the Lord.
In Him I put my trust.
He shall deliver me from harm.
My wondrous God is just.

I shall not be afraid
Of danger, pestilence;
For when I call on Him for help,
He comes to my defense.

God gives His angels charge
To watch above my ways.
Salvation He will give to me
As well as length of days.

## TO A WOULD-BE POET

*Leonard Opalov*

You constructed a poem
according to rules and regulations.
Every element
was intact.
There seemingly
wasn't missing a thing,
yet the true poetic essence
failed to penetrate
your still-born concoction.
Only the outer husk
protruded
like the enormous nose
of Cyrano de Bergerac.

## GREAT SPIRIT

*Jean Moore Smith*

Great Spirit, One who makes the setting sun
to form a sparkling golden path
upon the dark green sea,
Help me to do my best and worry not
but trust the rest, the solving of
problems that vex, to Thee.

# THE UNHAPPY PEOPLE

*Lucille Patterson*

MISS SCROGGINS was sipping her afternoon tea, when Twila came along the hall and peered into her open doorway.

"Hello, Twila!" called Miss Scroggins cheerfully. "Won't you come inside and have a cookie?"

"Don't mind if I do," accepted Twila.

The little girl stepped into the room, her eyes darting about curiously. She never knew what Miss Scroggins's room would be like from one day to the next.

Miss Scroggins collected things. Beads and toy animals, embroidered pillow-cases and silk scarves. Miss Scroggins worked out, doing ironing for the ladies who lived in the fine houses on the hill. The ladies often gave Miss Scroggins presents and knicknacks to add to her collection. Twila generally took a tour of Miss Scroggins's room on Saturdays. That was when the old woman was in, busily cleaning and sorting or counting her current menagerie. (Nothing she owned was really an antique except the face in the looking-glass that smiled back every time Miss Scroggins stared at her reflection. The mirror was cracked and discolored. Miss Scroggins believed it was to blame for her appearance.)

Miss Scroggins handed Twila a sugar cookie. She smiled at her over the rim of her teacup.

"Maybe on your next birthday I can offer you a cup of tea?"

"Oh, thank you. That would be very nice," agreed Twila. "Only I shan't be old enough for tea for four years yet. I am nine years old now. When I am twelve, I will be responsible for my own sins. Then I will have tea with you."

"Well, well." Miss Scroggins pursed her lips and looked doubtful. "I hope the Lord won't be angry with me for tempting so young a girl to imbibe."

"Imbibe? Does imbibe mean to break a law?" asked the little girl.

"Oh no. Everyone drinks tea. Even the minister," explained Miss Scroggins.

"That's because he's a grown-up. I will be grown-up pretty soon. Then I shall imbibe legally. I shall drink tea and vote at the polls. I will be glad when the time comes. Birthdays aren't much fun when you are still a little girl—it takes so many of them!"

"Birthdays are always fun when you are a little girl," Miss Scroggins corrected. "They help you grow up. But once you are grown-up, it's different. Birthdays come too fast, and there are too many of them!" Miss Scroggins made a dreadful face, and her wrinkles came uncreased and stretched themselves eerily around her narrow, peaked face before settling back again on her forehead and in the corners of her eyes and mouth and in the hollows of her neck. "Birthdays make us old!" complained Miss Scroggins.

"I won't like that at all," Twila said. "Too many birthdays must be like inflation. Papa says people have too much money to spend, and that is what makes us poor!"

"If money makes us poor, I certainly am not guilty of having anything to spend. Have another sugar cookie. I hear someone coming up the stairs."

"Probably Mr Darby," whispered Twila. "He went out after the morning paper. He forgot to take off his bedroom slippers. He shuffles along and frequently loses them on the steps."

"I pity the poor old gentleman," Miss Scroggins remarked.

Mr Darby was right outside the door when Miss Scroggins addressed him: "I thought it was you, Darby. Won't you have tea and cookies with us?"

"My, my. How can the two of you stay cooped up on such a lovely day?" Mr. Darby wanted to know.

"One needn't be told the birds are singing in the trees or the grass is green and fairly popping with wildflowers. I even know the sun is shining. Does that surprise you?" said Miss Scroggins.

Mr. Darby did not look too surprised.

He took the cup of tea Miss Scroggins held out to him and allowed her to drop two lumps of sugar into it before he commented: "Surely you didn't forget to put in the tea? This stuff appears to be pure water."

"It is pure water indeed," nodded Miss Scroggins, "and pure tea as well."

"I see neither tea leaves nor tea-bag," Mr. Darby sipped his tea and stubbornly insisted. "What kind of tea is this?"

"Green."

"What say?" puzzled Mr Darby.

"Green. It's green tea. Very strong and good for what ails you," insisted Miss Scroggins.

"I'm not ailing. Why don't you get sassafrass, it's a much better tonic." Mr Darby sampled a cookie, devouring it hastily in three or four bites. "These cookies taste like the ones my mother used to make."

"Maybe these are some of hers, then. They taste a bit stale but, with the shortage and all, I hate throwing them away," answered Miss Scroggins. "Have the whole plateful if you like."

"Oh no!" Mr. Darby politely refused. "I watch my diet."

Twila jumped to her feet and started for the door.

"What's your hurry?" Miss Scroggins asked anxiously.

"I just thought of something," excused Twila.

"What's on your mind?" Mr Darby's attention turned to her.

"I'm going outside and look at pictures."

"What's that?" Mr Darby questioned. Mr Darby heard very well.

"I'm going outside," repeated Twila. "That is where the pictures are, because Cynthia is painting on the street corner."

"Cynthia. She is that kind. Cynthia will soon live in the street unless she hurries and sells some of her drawings."

"Who would buy from her?" sniffed Miss Scroggins. "Such dowdy, miserable creatures as she puts on canvas. One would want her pictures only to scare away the mice."

"She gives the whole neighborhood a bad name. After seeing the unhappy faces, we won't be able to rent out any more rooms. People don't like living in unhappy houses," stated Mr. Darby.

"It isn't our fault," Miss Scroggins said stoutly. "Cynthia just doesn't know how to paint."

"Cynthia paints very well. Only, she's so stupid—" began

Mr Darby with a sharp glance at Twila.

"I was just leaving," Twila said.

"Cynthia is not stupid, either. She is just poor and miserly like the rest of us," defended Miss Scroggins.

Twila went out of the room and down the steps.

It was nice out of doors. The birds were singing and grass was growing in soft green patches along the walk. Cynthia was sitting at the end of the sidewalk with her palette and easel. She was completely surrounded by her paintings. Most of them were drab, scrawled with odd shapes and sizes of sunsets and sunrises, daisies, and people—mostly people with egg-shaped heads and scowling faces, the lines of which were always turned down instead of up.

The passersby paused but a moment to watch Cynthia paint, then walked away, oddly silent.

"Are you going to pose for me today?" Cynthia asked Twila.

"No,"

"Why not?"

"Because I don't want to," Twila admitted.

"When will you want to?" persisted Cynthia.

"Not until you are in a better mood," stated Twila flatly. "Your faces are all so sour. Nobody ever smiles."

"I paint what I see. I'm a realist," argued Cynthia.

"You are a pessimist," quipped Twila.

"The people are pessimists," contradicted Cynthia patiently. "I believe in folks being what they are."

Twila shook her head. "People aren't all unhappy and ready to cry. You don't really see people at all. You just see tears and frowns because you are unhappy yourself. If your pictures smiled, somebody might buy one of your pictures."

"You think you're real smart," accused Cynthia. "Don't you?"

Twila reached into her pocket and drew out one of Miss Scroggins's big, round sugar cookies and gave it to Cynthia. "I brought this down from Miss Scroggins's tea. Eat it, and I will pose for you."

"Very good. The cookie, I mean." Cynthia ate the cookie and was soon dabbling in her paints and slapping her brush

against the canvas. Twila's face was solemn, but on the canvas there was the trace of an impish smile.

Several people walked by and paused to look. Someone stopped to buy. It was a picture of a cardinal perched on a picket fence.

Cynthia finished sketching Twila. A lady strolled by and inquired how much Cynthia charged for a portrait.

"Three dollars," suggested Cynthia, and the lady decided to have her portrait done. Soon Cynthia was busy drawing. The prospect of earning money was an incentive.

Twila secretly thought it was because she had given Cynthia a sugar cookie. It must have sweetened her disposition. Now Cynthia could see the smiles on people's faces because there was a smile on her own face.

Twila went back inside the roominghouse and climbed the stairs. It was quiet in the hallway and Miss Scroggins had closed her door. The dusky purple shadows of twilight descended on the roominghouse and wiped away the warmth of a rosy sunset. Somewhere a cricket chirped. There was a creak in the stairs, and Twila could see the widening yellow streak of electric light being turned on underneath the many doors along the hall.

Twila hoped Miss Scroggins would buy Brownies or Chocolate Chip cookies next Saturday. There might be a sale at the bakery. Twila knew Miss Scroggins wanted to spend wisely and save her money so there would never be inflation or shortages to spoil their afternoon teas. Twila wished Miss Scroggins would invite her back again and very soon.

How long would next Saturday be?

## THE REFRESHMENT OF MORNING

*Eva Zellmer*

Mortal man clings to the sound of the birds
Truly it is music from heaven sent
Help me each day to learn to repent
And give thanks
for the refreshment of morning.

*The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.*

## THOUGHTS FOR COMFORT AND STRENGTH

*Estelle D. Broadrick*

OUT OF THE DARKNESS there grew the need for light. Out of danger, a desire for safety. Out of confusion, a need for tranquility. Out of trouble, a need for confidence. And God is all of these. He answers all of these needs and more.

He is so great that our minds but partly comprehend. We can only glimpse His power and His might now and then. Life is often a struggle for survival and for understanding; we are bewildered and disillusioned. We must have faith and courage to survive. We must have powers of endurance and hope. We must have strength and the ability to patch up the old and the broken dreams, or to build new ones. In brief, we must have God if we survive, if we would be strong, serene, and safe.

Prayer and meditation on the Scriptures lifts one above the troublesome trivia of the world into a new awareness of the beauty and the rightness of His ways and His will.

As one prays, peace and harmony bless the mind and soul. We reach the place and plane of understanding, where we may say with the one who said it first, "And we know that all things worketh together for good to them that love God, to them who are called, according to His purpose, for whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son."

In Ephesians 1:11 we read: "In whom also we have obtained an inheritance, being predestinated, according to the purpose of Him who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will."

It is interesting to reflect how often His will is mentioned and how often the word "predestinate" occurs in the Bible. There is the verse that states, "A man's heart deviseth the way, but the Lord directeth his steps."

How much of life is wasted in our selfish search and strain-

ing after our own way. Sometimes we must be brought up short in our striving. We forget that often He, who created all things, has other plans for us. If we are not on good terms with Him, then how are we to be aware of the paths He has planned for us?

"According as He hath chosen us in Him, before the foundations of the world." We deny Him—and we deny ourselves full joy by not waiting on the Lord.

## "MY BLANKET — MY BUDDY, MY FRIEND"

*Joan Elliott Pickart*

AS THE DARKNESS seemed to encase the house in a peaceful shroud, I performed my ritual of going to my daughter's room to straighten tosseled covers and to gaze fondly on her sleeping face.

Four-year-old Lisa lay sprawled across the end of the bed, nightie twisted around her tiny body and one foot hung over the edge like a line dangling. Picking her up, a marvelous aroma of powder, shampoo, and bubble-gum came to me. Tears suddenly filled my eyes over the miracle of her very being. I sat quietly holding her against my breast, wishing I could stop time and keep her forever.

As I held her, Lisa stirred, wiggled out of my grasp, and without actually wakening found what she was after—her blanket. She then curled up in a ball and fell into the deep sleep known only to children.

Her blanket. Once it had been bright pink with a perky lamb in the center and satin all around, but now it was a strange gray and the edging was lumpy and varied in color depending on which layer of added binding had worn through. The lamb, due to time, wear, and a multitude of washings had disappeared, leaving not one shred of evidence it had ever existed.

How proudly I had wrapped her in that blanket to bring her

home from the hospital and how often as she grew had she played on it in the sunlight trying to catch dust-particles in her grasp. So soon it seemed the world of walking was upon us, and Lisa and her trusty blanket followed behind me throughout the day. I chuckled at the memory of going on vacation when she was about two and driving more than twenty-five miles in pouring rain back to a motel to retrieve the forgotten piece of fluff with Lisa bellowing inconsolably all the way until her most precious possession was once more safely in her hands.

There are some parents and even medical people who do not approve of this type of clinging symbol, but perhaps they don't realize how wonderful this sense of total, private security can be for a youngster. I do understand because I can remember back to when I was five years old, to the day I started school and my mother made a ceremony of packing my blanket away in a cedar-chest to indicate that I was now a "big girl." I missed it terribly for a while.

When I was seven, my grandfather whom I loved so dearly passed away and I was overcome with grief and loneliness. Suddenly I ran to the cedar-chest and flung my mother's mementoes aside until I found my blanket. Pulling it to me, I buried my face in it and cried and cried until I fell asleep. When I awoke, it was morning and I was in my own bed.

I noticed the bottom drawer of my dresser was slightly ajar. There was my blanket.

Feeling a gentle hand on my shoulder, I turned as my mother said, "I thought we'd leave it there for now just in case you need a private moment with an old friend."

*The wide open spaces of an idle mind are the breeding grounds for fear and superstition.*

## AND THE SEASONS!

*Ruth Bergendahl*

I sat and wondered
in perfect peace —
In wintered shadow
if you please.

In spring's new birth
I learned again
Worths I heard
That had lasted down the ages.

I wait for summer's rapture —
The warmth,
The hereafter,
The Resurrection!

## TUMBLEWEED FEAR

*Zelma S. Dennis*

THE CRYSTAL AIR was polished by the wind until it shone like blue Venetian glass. The sunlight glinted off the hood of our car in dancing fiery waves as we sped along the highway. It was a beautiful, clear, though windy day, and we enjoyed the stretches of long empty fields after the always overcrowded city. We felt uplifted, and our spirits seemed to soar on wind-swift wings. All of us shared the same exhilaration, the feeling of "I can do anything on a day like this!"

In order to save some mileage my husband decided to take a shortcut away from the main artery that stretched ahead. This road was partially covered with asphalt and putted with use. Far off, almost at the foot of the mountain range which separated the valley from the desert, we saw a small, brown cloud rising and whirling.

Suddenly the advance-guard of a strange army began its attack. The pushing, stumbling horde of thorny creatures charged

at our car, scratching and scraping. The earth-particles gathered up by the wind were flung like an ominous shroud across the land enveloping everything and leaving us alone in this dark gloom with these fantastic shapes surrounding us.

Our spirits went to zero and awful fear pressed in. We could not see oncoming cars, the edges of the road, or landmarks . . . . Nothing but this nightmare feeling of no escape. . . .

IT MADE ME THINK OF daily life, of going along with sunshine filling the hours of day after day until one unexpected storm came up and plunged one into despair.

We in the car knew that wind-currents could change and lift this blinding, suffocating curtain. Even as we moved along, we knew that somewhere ahead lay a lovely, unclouded vista of snow-crowned mountains and pleasant valleys. We were sustained by the thought. Without it this army of tumbleweed would have overwhelmed us.

It is important to move through each storm in this calm and steadfast way, remembering to trust in the Infinite Source to guide and progect us as only a compassionate, loving God will.

As we came out of the dust-storm and saw the tumbleweed impaled on a rail fence, we realized how easy it is to be overcome by the army of our own doubts and fears.

## GUIDANCE

*Cornelia Bagarotti*

ABOVE AND BEYOND the turmoil of daily events there is a divine pattern in both human destiny and world evolution. Men are guided more wisely than they know. Ultimate growth in perfection is the goal despite all the horrors of which each human mind or heart is capable. The one saving factor is time. We limit

time through our finite vision. God's time is as unlimited as it is infinite. There all the patterns are complete, perfect, and interwoven. The Master Weaver knows no error.

Therefore in your human life growth is of necessity slow. Before the heart can instinctively learn compassion, love, and understanding it must have passed through so many experiences. Taught ethics are one thing; instinctive love another.

Discrimination between right and wrong is instantaneous to an evolved soul, a stumbling block to one as yet selfishly self-centered rather than God- or love-centered.

Each personal life is valuable and contributes both to his or her development as well as to the network of human lives that surrounds it. By example and by faith much more is done than by preaching. We are what we think and become what we do.

At thirty, character does not reveal itself as it shall at eighty. But the foundations are there . . . for greater good or greater ill as the case may be. Each day is a continuation of what has gone before and the foundation of what is to come.

By returning to the source of all life in conscious dedication and reverence we accelerate the return to God. Peace, serenity, complete gentleness and calm come at these moments. Serenity is from within, never from without.

No man can judge the progress of a lifetime for himself or for another.

Yet he can judge the effect within himself of a continual return to God. Greater periods of peace, greater periods of refreshment, inner harmony with Life itself. This is his evidence of God-union and his answer to prayer.

*Sometimes it takes a mountain of faith to overcome a molehill of a problem.*

# A YOUNG MAN'S THANKS

*Hettie McGee Barker*

HAVE YOU EVER FELT you were at the end of your rope, then sometying unexpected happened, and you found y ou no longer needed the rope to hold onto? You were free! I had such an experience. It was an event in my middle years that will remain with me for a long time.

My story began a few years ago when I joined a tour-group going to Europe. England was our first country to visit, and we stayed in London. Unfortunately I took sick and was unable to join any of the sightseeing groups. It was a great disappointment when I learned I must return home and miss all the historical sights I had longed to see.

The single happy thing that happened to me was meeting an English couple who were related in some distant way to friends of ours on the tour. The lady took special interest in my illn ess and encouraged me with her kindness.

Later in the year this couple visited the United States, and happily I had recovered enough to enjoy a wonderful get-together with them. Since that time we have corresponded and exchanged cards and gifts. Our friendship has grown into something beautiful.

Now, to go back to the period when I was at my rope's end. I had been in a 'hidding pattern" awaiting possible retirement. We were also in the process of selling our house and looking for a future one. My mind was in utter confusion, frustration, and indecision.

Then—like a cool rain in the desert—I received an air-mail letter from a stranger in England. Quickly I opened the envelope and looked for the sender's name. This "out of the blue" letter was from my English friend's grown son. My first thought was that something had happened to her. But, as I read the young man's thoughtful words, I relaxed. His expressions of kindness were in the form of thanks for my considerations to his mother. It was a sincere, grateful letter from a loving son. My tenseness. frustrations and uncertainties dropped away like a useless scaffold.

At that moment I realized the value of friendship and love in our lives. Closing my eyes, I gave thanks and asked the Creator that a special blessing be showered on this young man and his family.

I found I was back on an even keel. Somehow the decisions before me seemed less important. I had needed to be reminded of the basics of life—one being the simplest and most powerful: the Golden Rule.

## BOTH

*Emily Sargent Councilman*

Lord,
I do want
to be Martha today.
Many guests are coming
the dog's to bathe
house to clean
food to plan
prepare

but Lord,
in some other
inner room of me
sitting at your feet,
let me be Mary too,
choosing to hear,
learning how
to love.

## PARABLE OF THE LITTLE BLUE FLOWER

*Velta Myrle Allen*

NOW THERE WAS A CERTAIN MAN who had gone on a long journey to all the lands and across the seas, who was looking for a particular kind of little blue flower, with unusual beauty and fragrance, that he had heard about but never seen.

Suddenly, when he was very weary, he saw the little blue

flower half-opened in the bud and slightly drooping from the hot sun of the day before.

"Ah," he said to himself, "at last I have found the rarest of them all!" He stooped to the ground and cupped his hands around the flower.

Then he noticed its slight droop.

"I shall go and fetch the purest spring water for you to sip from my hands," he whispered. With eager steps he hastened to a nearby stream which trickled from a mountain spring, filled his hat with the sparkling fluid, and returned to the new.found treasure. Drop by drop, he gave it to the flower. It responded with a miraculous revival.

As this man marveled at his great find, of which there was no other like it anywhere, he decided to claim it for his own and in so doing felt a possessiveness and ownership which made him feel superikr to all other people.

The beauty and fragrance of the flower increased with each drop of water. The half-opened bloom was beginning slowly to open its petals.

One day the man felt a frenzied desire to hold the flower close to him as "his" possession. This feeling caused him to snatch it by the roots.

"Ah, I shall show you to the world," he said aloud. "I will prove to the world that I have something that no one else has!" His feverish eyes and trembling hands convulsed him like one with a fever.

"My name will be placed with the Immortals as one who accomplished the impossible," he said.

Then he opened his eyes and found that he had crushed the flower. It lay broken, crumpled, and lifeless in the palm of his hand.

"Oh no!" he cried, and the flower slipped through his fingers and dropped to the ground.

"Oh no!" he said again, gasping at his own stupidity. His pain was such that he fell to the earth and was swallowed up in dry dust.

He did not know that within the heart of the flower was a seed which burrowed into the ground to live again.

ARE YOU MOVING?

*Let Us Know As Soon as Possible*

If you are planning to move,

please send us your new address as soon as you can.

Be sure to include apartment numbers and Zip Codes

## *NOTICES & COMMENT*

*THE EDITOR REQUESTS* that contributors to this publication be sure to enclose self-addressed stamped envelopes when submitting manuscripts.

*SUBSCRIPTION NOW FIVE DOLLARS.* Some of our readers do not appear to have noticed the announcement of the change in our subscription rate to five dollars (six dollars overseas) per year.

**********

Fellowship in Prayer
200 East 36 Street, Room 10-E
New York, New York 10016

Date.....

I enclose $.....in payment of a subscription to FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER for.....year(s), and $.....toward furthering the work. May God add His blessing! (All contributions are tax-deductible.)

NAME..... .....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....ZIP CODE.....

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER, INC.
200 East 36 Street, Room 10-E, New York, N. Y. 10016

## BOARD OF TRUSTEES

William Hung, President Emeritus  Peter V. K. Funk, President Emeritus

Reuben L. Musey, President

Mrs. Samuel Chamberlain, Vice President
Paul Griffith, Vice President
Francis Merchant, Vice President
Edwiene Schmitt, Vice President
Samuel M. Silver
Mrs. Virginia J. Tirado

Kathryn G. Brown, Executive Secretary and Asst. Treasurer
Paul Griffith, Editor and Asst. Treasurer

## ACTIVE ADVISORS

Ray Allen Albert (Virginia)
Velta Myrle Allen (California)
Dorothy Barko (New York)
Katherine L. Beech (Illinois)
Dennis Barry Carroll (Maryland)
Emilie, Lady Coote (England)
Juliet H. Crist (California)
Zelma S. Dennis (California)
Georgia Palmer Dishner (Tennessee)
Mrs. W. H. Freeman (Massachusetts)
Rev. Henry J. Gernhardt (Idaho)
John Akpan Imah (Nigeria)
Hsuan-min Liu (Canada)
Georgia H. Marin (New Hampshire)
Mrs. Reuben L. Musey (Maryland)
Mrs. Charles Oakes (North Carolina)
Mrs. Mildred Seydell (Georgia)
Dr. Teh-yao Wu (Singapore)

* *

## CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Emily Sargent Councilman
Betty Miller Daly
William Walter De Bolt
Eleanor Ebersole
Nixeon Civille Handy
Catherine Cabeen Houck
Lillian Koerner
Mildred Long
Emma S. McLaughlin
Carla Patsuris
Marion J. Richardson
Swami Ritajananda

## OMNIPRESENCE

*Naomi Mosier*

Throbbing, throbbing, do you feel it?
Of course, it is the beat of drums.

Yes, but it is more than that.
Steadily beating, do you hear it?
Of course, it is the rain on the roof.

Surging, tumbling-- see the waves roll.
Of course, the tide is coming in.

Pulsing, pulsing, it is part of you.
Of course, it is my heart beating.

But it is more than the drums,
The rain, the tide, your heart.
It is the heartbeat of God.

*Fillers in this issue have been contributed by Michael Toryfter*

(Views expressed by contributors do not necessarily represent those of the Fellowship or its Editor.)

## LOOK INWARD, DARLING

*Freda Karsin Routh*

Look inward, Darling,
Away from darkening
Now grown night.
Look deeper, deeper
Into light.

Stay, Darling —
Velvet Kundalini coils,
Swiftly strikes,
Coils and strikes again.

Float, Darling,
As cares and terrors fade;
Rest in endless sea of jade;
Aum ————————.